a strong argument for change was found during the late campaign in the desirability of overhauling the Governachieve it are thrust out of sight as a affairs for the past quarter of a century.

The impression has long prevailed that a thorough examination of these and corruption than was fully realized publican machine. This impression was a perfectly natural one. It resulted alparty representing at no time more than a Graphic. bare majority of the people, and during most of the time a minority. Such facts as came to light strengthened the conclusion. Extravagance was known to perpetrated in the Post-office Department, the Navy Department and elsewhere. These frauds were disclosed by accident, not by the good will of the cape with as little noise as possible. What more natural than that the people should conclude that the disclosed frauds and shortcomings are exceedingly small in proportion to those which are concealed? What more natural than a popular conviction that a thorough overhauling of the books would furnish companions innumerable for the Howgates and Bradys and Dorseys who were unfortunate enough to be found out? And what more natural, under the circumstances, than the Democratic appeal to the people based upon the necessity of turning the books over to a party which could afford to open them and would

The supporters of the machine sneered at the argument, and declared there was nothing in the books that needed overhauling. They pointed "with pride" as they said, to the closeness with which collections of Government revenue had been made, and professed to regard the book-keeping of the Administration as unimpeachable, though it made no account of the millions stolen by the Star-route thieves or by the rascals in other departments. But spite of the sneer the people persisted in enforcing their demand. They have hurled the Republican machine from power; and in doing so they have been actuated quite as much by their desire to examine the books as by any other

Already there is valuable evidence that they did wisely. Already the trembling raseals in power are making efforts to conceal what the books showand to falsify them in preparation for the dreaded and inevitable examination. The tools of the Washington "ring" begin the ball by seeking to destroy the evidence of their connection with that "ring," their indebtedness to it for their appointment and the inference or evidence that they have used—or abused better simulate virtue even -their positions to pay off that indebtedness.

There will be a good many such efforts between now and the 4th of March next, and a strict watch will have to be kept on all the departments to prevent the destruction or mutilation of the evidence of misgovernment. One of the first efforts, probably, will be directed to the destruction of the "secret service" roll, upon which so many are borne who do absolutely nothing to earn the salary paid them by the Government, but put in their entire time in the service of some politician or office-seeker. All such efforts will, however, be futile. Is is too late. · Exposure can only be avoided by some such device as that which Harrington adopted in procuring his safe to be robbed. And the resort to devices like that, even when they prove successful, is quite as strong evidence of guilt as anything that could be disclosed by the testimony destroyed .-Detroit Free Press.

## Providence in American Politics.

Now that the election of Governor Cleveland is conceded and there can be no possible doubt of it, the Republican press is saying all the good things of him that it possibly can, and is thereby exhibiting the good nature, the common sense and the patriotism that belong by right to American citizenship. The good things do not amount to

much. The utterance is generous because there is really a lack of material upon which to found a larger one. Were Bayard or Thurman the President elect far more would be said for them. A man who has been a National man less than three years has a rather attenuated record upon which to base great expectations. To go from a Mayoralty to the Presidency within that time seems, now that one looks back at it, like a romance from Jules Verne. It shows that, as Mr. Greeley once re- feated candidate who had failed to carmarked, fame is in some measure an ry a single Southern State and who had the most ancient times ancestral woraccident, and that politics and candidates are to a large exent creatures of change, chance and opportunity.

But the people do not made mistakes. vealed in the extra there is nothing they value so much as State Sentinel. homely worth, and they are more apt to accept it when it comes without display. No Presidential candidate was so little advertised as Mr. Lincoln, and at the most critical period of our history he made perhaps the best President we ever had. The little that is known of Governor Cleveland is good. He was a thoroughly honest Mayor, and the rings of Buffalo were afraid of him. He has been a thoroughly honest Governor. His sturdy common sense, his legal ability, his evident desire to do the best thirg possible for the people whom he serves, have been conspicuous in his every official act. He is not brilliant to the superficial observer he is commonplace. But in the eyes of the people his solid value has shown out of his 22,000, without calculating the inunpretentious surroundings with a steady and never wavering light. He is not shrewd as a politician except as honesty is unavoidably shrewd. He is He is a simple, honest man after the manner of Mr. Lincoln, and the political brass band would naturally pass him by sooner than almost any other Garfield's majority, Blaine got a scanty unstudied, and his appearance before the world is that of an unpretentious, unambitious, unexpectant citizen. And yet the people have made him President and are confident in doing so they have done a good thing. It is characteristic of course, in such an event Blaine world is that of an unpretentious, unexpectant citizen. And yet the people have made him President and are confident in doing so they have do, and when they d done a good thing. It is characteristic of them and they never yet made a se-

rious mistake. campaign, with the cases of Washington and Lincoln especially in view, that Providence directed these things and the people were unconsciously the agents of Providence. It is not an unconstant of Providence of Pr reasonable proposition. How happens it that so many modest and unpretentious, but worthy, men find themselves lation.—N. Y. World.

lifted into the public view as the result of crises or ordinary circumstance, while the many with thrice their chance ment books and ascertaining what they result of things that appear to be of trivial importance? The power that notes the sparrow's fall is not too large for governments, and the man for every crisis of our history has apparently appeared at his appointed hour, and genvolumes would disclose far more in the erally from the unnoticed rank and way of extravagance, maladministration place. There is a great political and and corruption than was fully realized military Nazareth, and thus far it has by even the severest critics of the Re- never failed. Whether President Cleveland comes from it is yet to be demonstrated; but there is a solid satisfaction most inevitably from the fact that the as a result of the election, from one end Government was being administered, year of the country to the other, which beafter year and term after term, by a speaks the utmost faith and confidence party representing at no time more than a

Blaine and His Political Revenges.

If half what is rumored of Blaine's exist. Frauds were known to have been determination to seek revenge for his defeat on sundry and divers individuals be true he is made of weaker timber than we credited him with. "Life is too short party in power; and instead of punish- for political revenges," and the man ing the perpetrators the Administration | who devotes himself to them generally seemed chiefly anxious to let them es- finds that he is engaged in an exhausting and fruitless business. Occasionally it falls to the lot of a man to enjoy the confounding of his enemies, but it is rarely the result of his own acts. But if Blaine adopts the policy of revenge his contract will indeed be a heavy one, for the prominent individuals connected with his defeat are so numerous as to need alphabetical arrangement in order to be remembered. The easiest way for him to get even is to put them all in his book. By a modification of the original design he can embrace the period of the late campaign, and on this he can become as analytical, satirical and prophetical as he pleases to. He can "bottle them up in epigrams," after the manner of George Francis Train, a whilom candidate for the Presidency. This scheme of revenge he will find much more satisfactory than attempting to bring political ruin on their head by plots and intrigues. Besides, it will leave his political capital in a better condition for the coming campaign of 1888. If he desires to pursue the wisest course of all he will abandon the revenge programme and also the spirit of his last speech. A man with a grievance is never attractive, and equally unpleasant is the individual who seeks to advance himself politically by stirring up old feuds. Blaine's reputation for magnetism arose from his jovial manners and good humor, and should he allow himself to become soured and disgruntled his personal following will rapidly decline. He has made "the effort of his life" and has failed, and failure itself will lose him many friends. He had better be careful of those that remain if he still entertains ambitious projects. He naturally feels sore over his reverse, but as the blame must rest upon his own record and the judgment thereon of the American people, he had not.—St. Louis Republican.

### A Dangerous Demagogue.

The country is to be congratulated that Blaine was repudiated on the 4th day of November. To round up the inherent dangerous demagogy of his character, it was fit that he make the Augusta speech. He built better than he knew. Will our readers please compare the following extracts-one taken from that speech and one from his letter of acceptance: [From Letter of Ac-|[From Augusta (Me.)

ceptance.]
The elements which separated them (North that comprised the reband South) are fast dis-el Confederacy had, by appearing. Prejudices the census of 1880, 7,have yielded and are 500,000 white popula yielding, while a grow-tion and 5,300,000 col yielding, while a growtion and 5,300,000 coling cordiality warms ored population. The the Southern and colored population all Northern heart alike most to a man desire Can any one doubt that to support the Repubbetween the sections lican party, but by a confidence and esteem system of cruel intimare to-day more idation and by violence marked than at any period in the sixty violence and murder years preceding the are thought necessary, election of President Lincoln? \* \* If prived of all political there be occasional and power. If the outrage violent outbreaks in stopped there it would the South against this be bad enough, but it peaceful progress, the does not stop there, public opinion of the for not only is the necountry regards them country regards them gro population disfran-as exceptional, and chised, but the power hopefully trusts that which rightfully and each will prove the

constitutionally be longs to them is trans population, enabling the white population of the South to exert an electoral influence ed by the same num-ber of white people in the North.

As the New York World says, in a reference to this matter, the explanation is that when Mr. Blaine wrote his letter of acceptance he hoped and expected to carry at least five Southern States. When he made his Augusta speech he was the disappointed and debeen rejected by four of the Northern States. The instincts of the base, rabble-rousing politician, are clearly revealed in the extracts quoted. - Indiana

## "The Skin of the Teeth."

The Republican organs are finding consolation in the assertion that the Democrats were only successful in the election of Cleveland "by the skin of their teeth."

This saying has grown out of the smallness of the Democratic plurality in this State. A little over a thousand votes is certainly a narrow margin in a poll of about one million and a quarter. But it must be remembered that

creased vote. The truth is that the Republican candidate only escaped a most ignominious defeat "by the skin of his teeth." not given to bargaining or diplomacy. In Michigan, where Garfield got nearly 54,000 majority, Blaine managed to man. His garments are innocent of 18,500. He came within an ace of losgold lace. His walk and speech are ing Wisconsin. In Massachusetts Butunstudied, and his appearance before ler's fraud alone saved him. If he had above. The Book of Odes' frequently

Of course, in such an event Blaine would have been just as indignant as he now is about the injustice inflicted It was urged by a speaker early in the on Northern States by allowing SouthFOR SERVICES RENDERED.

Remarkable Bill Which a Young Physici A romantic little story reached the ears of a reporter for the Inter-Ocean yesterday. It touches on sickness, pills and love. A certain charming young lady living in one of the southern suburbs was taken seriously ill a aid. The parents were in despair. By some accident the father heard of a looked at the patient steadily, then turned to the anxious parents and said,

firmly and decisively: "I can save your daughter!" "Do you think so?" was the excited

"I know so !" was the positive an-"Save my daughter and name your price for your services," exclaimed the

loving father. "Then I must have entire charge of the case," said the young doctor. As the other doctors had given no encouragement whatever for her recovery the case was readily placed in the young physician's hands. He went to work, patiently, earnestly; took entire charge of his fair patient; watched over her day and night. In a week she began to improve; two weeks found her out of danger; in three weeks she could sit up, and at the end of four weeks she was well and could take long drives with her devoted doctor. He had, indeed, redeemed his pledge-had saved

his charge. One day, after the complete recovery of the young lady was positively assured, the father called the young doctor into his library. Taking him by the hand, he said: "Young man, you have saved my daughter. I told you that if you did so you would be compensated at whatever price you chose to fix your services. I am now ready to carry out my part of the agreement, as you have so nobly done your work." "Do you really wish to pay me my

anxiously. "Indeed, I do, sir." "Then I ask you to give your daughter to me in marriage," was the unex-

own price?" asked the young doctor,

pected request. The old gentleman was naturally a little astonished at the nature of the answer. He hesitated a moment, then touched a bell. A servant answered. "Tell Hattie to step here," was the command.

In a minute the daughter entered the room. The father and the young doctor stood facing one another. "Hattie," said the old gentleman. "Do you feel that you have fully recov-

"I am as well as ever, father." "Do you imagine what your doctor wishes in compensation for his services in saving your life?" was the sternly out question. "No," said the girl, anxiously, "but

am sure he deserves anything rea-"But I consider his charge extortionate," was the emphatic rejoinder.
"What is it, father? I feel sure that

"Not unreasonable! Why, Hattie, he asks that I consent to his making you his wife, what have you to say to

Hattie blushed violently for a minute: her little foot played with the rug on the floor, then looking up arehly, first at her father and next to the young doctor who had meantime uttered no word, she said:

"You say, father, when I was sick all the other doctors gave me up and as-sured me nothing but death? "Yes, my daughter."

"And Doctor inder those circumstances, told you he would save me, and nursed me back to lestial Empire. health and life?"

"Yes." "Then, father; it strikes me that if I was an auditing committee and had to pass upon this bill, I'd argue that the one who brought me back to my health from apparent death would be pretty safe for me to be intrusted to when health was fully regained. I would check his bill O. K. and say nothing about extortionate charges.

The wedding will be duly celebrated in a very short time. - Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## QUEER NATIONS.

What the Chinese Belleve Concerning Im mortality.

A writer in a recent issue of the North China Herald discusses the early Chinese notions of immortality. In ship was maintained on the ground that the souls of the dead exist after this life. The present is a part only of human existence, and men continue to be after death what they have become before it. Hence the honors accorded to men of rank in their lifetime were continued to them after their death. In the skin, the kidneys and the lungs, the earliest utterances of Chinese Na- at an average of over ten pounds tional thought on this subject we find that dualty which has remained the prominent feature in Chinese thinking ever since. The present life is light; the future is darkness. What the shadow is to the substance, the soul is to the body; what vapor is to water, breath is to man. By the process of cooling steam may again become water, and the transformation of animals Garfield carried New York in 1880 by a teach us that beings inferior to man little more than 21,000, so that the may live after death. Ancient Chi-Democratic gain was actually over nese, then, believed that as there is a male and female principle in all nature, a day and and a night as inseperable from each thing in the universe as from the universe itself, so it is with man. In the course of ages, and in the vicissitudes of religious ideas, men came to believe more definitely in the possibility of communications with supernatural beings. In the twelfth century before the Christian era it was a distinct belief that the thoughts of the sages were to them a revelation from popular imagination to the sky, it being believed that their souls took up their abodes in certain constellations. This was due to the fact that the ideas of panion. immortality had taken a new shape, and that the philosophy of the times regarded the stars of Heaven as the pure essences of the grosser things belonging to this world. The pure is heaven-scouring.

ly and the gross earthly, and therefore that which is purest on earth ascends to the regions of the stars. At the same quiring extraordinary longevity, and the stork became the animal which the Immortals preferred to ride above all an. She will do it for you. others. The idea of plants which con-fer immunity from death soon sprang few weeks ago. Her parents, who are lucidus was taken to be the most efficaquite wealthy, employed the best medicious of all plants in guarding man cal talent obtainable, but the worthy from death, and 3,000 ounces of silver disciples of medicine who examined her have been asked for a single specimen. pronounced her case to be incurable, Its red color was among the circumand said that she was beyond human stances which gave it its reputation, for at this time the five colors of Babylonian astrology had been accepted as young doctor who had but very re- indications of good and evil fortune, cently located in the village, and This connection of a red color with the whose list of patients was not at all notion of immortality through the large, but who had ever given satisfac-medium of good and bad luck led to tion when called upon. He was asked the adoption of cinnabar as the philosoto see the sick girl. He called, pher's stone, and thus to the construction of the whole system of alchemy. The plant of immortal life is spoken of in ancient Chinese literature at least a century before the mineral. In correspondence with the tree of life in Eden there was probably a Babylonian tradition which found its way to China shortly before Chinese writers mention the plant of immortality. The Chinese, not being navigators, must have got their ideas of the ocean which surrounds the world from those who were and when they received a cosmography they would receive it with its legends.

# A THREE DOLLAR DOWRY.

-Nature.

An Unsuccessful Town in Ruins-The Joll

Jelly-Fishermen of China. We found the island inhabited by two foreigners of the light-house staff, 300 Chinese and 1,000 goats. The island is a mass of rock, in three ridges converging near the center of the island. and there is only a thin layer of earth over the rocks, sufficient to grow a crop of grass for the goats. Here and there on the slopes of the hills there are small patches of cultivation. The permanent residents of the island, the 200 Chinese and 1,000 goats, perhaps manage to eke out a subsistence from the fruits of the earth; but the island is chiefly noted for the jelly-fish trade carried on in the spring, and during that season thousands of Chinesecome from Ningpo and also from adjacent islands and take up their temporary abode on the North Saddle. This explains how there are so many houses in ruins all over the island. A North Saddle house is not of much account anyhow: and the ruins left by the jelly fishermen are simply bamboo frames; a few square yards of matting thrown over the frame roof will put the house into good order again. There are no walls to this temporary abode; only a sloping frame and nothing more. houses are perched in clefts of the rocks, and there is not much room for the children to run about. A large number of sampans were lying up-turned, high and dry on the top of the each one drawing attention to it by the rocks forty to fifty feet above the sea. They belong to fishermen, and are left there till required next year in the jelly- lovely piece of lace!" "What did you fish season. The principal resident of call it? It is a sweet pattern. the North Saddle is a native who was for many years a "boy" in pilot boats on my lawn?" "Oh, mother, do buy and tug boats. He can speak pidgin English, and is looked up to by the people on the island as a man of great experience, having often been to see that wonderful place, Shanghai. He has gone into the jelly-fish trade. He was sick and unable to come on board. - would not be unreason- The natives who did come on board stared as if they had never seen a for-

When I was up at the light-house on Friday afternoon, there was a Chinaman employed scraping paint off the stones at the house of the tower. He was singing to himself, as happy as a the sky glows to vast clouds of volking. He had actually given up a situ- canic dust discharged at the eruption ation in Shanghai and succeeded in getation in Shanghai and succeeded in get-ting into the light service at the North have lost ground, and some new hy-Saddle because he was in love with a pothesis is needed to clear up the mysyoung girl, a native of the island. The marriage was expected to come off shortly. The dowry of the bride was reported to be \$3, to set them up in the jelly-fish trade. I was told so by the in England." "It has been habitual," Captain, and it must be true .- Cor. Ce- he adds, "for me to scan the neighbor-

## WATER.

An Important Element in the Compos tion of the Human Body.

The muscles of the body are about three-fourths water; the cartilage, three-fifths; the brain and nerves and blood, each four-fifths. The lymph is nearly all water (ninety-seven hundredths). Even the bones are onetenth water. Of the body, as a whole, sixty-eight parts out of one hundred are water.

Moreover, water, not only constitutes the larger part of all the secretions, but it holds in solution all the various elements of which the body is renewed, and is a flowing stream to receive again and carry away the waste which is as constantly thrown off at every point. Further, without it the chemical changes in constant progress in every tissue would be impossible. Now the water of the body is no

more fixed than are its solids. Like the latter, having done its work once, it enters into the great waste current, and is thrown from the body through

Keeping these facts in view, the reader will see why water is so much more essential to life than food-a man being able to live several times as long without the latter as without the former. The following facts, condensed from the American Journal of Medical Science, indicate the sufferings consequent on a brief withholding of this

In 1877 forty American troopers in pursuit of Indians lost their way, and for three days failed to find water. The second day, some fell from their horses exhausted. The third day, the most loathsome fluid would have been hailed

with delight. The salivary and mucous fluids had utterly failed, and the men were unable to swallow their bread. All were affected with vertigo, dimness of vision and deafness. Many were delirious.

-To scour knives easily, mix a small quantity of baking sods with your brick dust and then hire somebody to do the

PITH AND POINT.

-Water colors are not used in painttime hermits and other ascetics began to be credited with the power of ac--Never put a hot iron directly upon silk. Send the silk to the washerwom-

> -"No woman is educated," says S. W. Burnap, "who is not equal to the successful management of a family." When you see a man leave his club at 9 p. m., and run all the way home, you can make up your mind that his wife is highly educated.

> -Housekeepers who have white marble stoops to keep clean, can save time and labor by washing them with a mop which has been dipped in boiling hot water and soda. A good deal of soda should be put into the water and allowed to dissolve. The plan has the advantage of being inexpensive, as medicine for colds, consumption and pneumonia are now quite cheap.—Arkansaw Traveler.

-These crazy spelling reformers are trying to persuade people to spell kiss with one s. The attempt will be a failure. The man who lifts a finger, so to speak, to shorten a kiss, will bring upon himself the hatred of the rising generation. The tendency is rather to add more s's. That is, to make the kiss a yard, a yard and a half or two yards long, or as long as a strong young man can hold his breath.-Bur-

-Now that paper shirts have been introduced, according to the Dry Goods Bulletin, it will be in order to print a sensational novel on the back of a set of shirts. Then when a man reads the first instalment he will go right off and buy the whole set and sit up with his shirts at night until he has finished the

-"Madame," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation which will spring up in the best regulated families, "when a man and his wife have quarreled, and each other considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to advance toward a reconciliation?" "The better natured and the wiser of the two," said the wife, putting up her mouth for a kiss, which was given with an unction. She was the conquerer.—N. Y. Ledger.

-"Poor John," said a trustful wife, "has so much to do at the office that he is often compelled to work nights." "Are you sure that he spends the evenings at his office?" asked another married lady who was making an afternoon -call "my husband said that he thought he saw him at the French opera the other night." "Oh, your husband must have been mistaken, I am sure, responded the trustful wife, "John doesn't understand a word of French."

-Detroit Post. -A remnant of lace lay upon what is known as the marked-down counter of a large shopping establishment in this city, and during a wait of fifteen minutes the following remarks concerning it were made by lady customers. use of the word "sweet:" "Isn't it too sweet for anything?" "Wouldn't it look too sweet and lovely this for me; it would be so sweet on my blue dress." "Yes, and I guess it's a sweet price, too."-Harper's Bazar.

#### THE RED SUNSETS OF 1884. An Explanatory Argument Concerning Their Origin.

The red sunsets which were so conspicuous a year ago have excited this autumn great attention in both hemispheres. The various theories propounded to account for the phenomenon, especially that which attributed tery. The English astronomer Mr. Backhouse reports in Nature his observations of a red corona round the sun, hood of the sun for halos during twenty-five years, and I never observed it previous to the date mentioned"-No-

vember, 1883. The reddish halo to which Mr. Backhouse has called attention has been this fall noticed by several observers. An English scientist, Mr. E. Douglas Archibald, visiting the summit of Mount Washington on September 5th, at sunrise, noted, "in addition to the usual sunrise effects, a large circle of rosy purple haze situated about fifteen degrees above the horizon, and apparently having no connection with the yellow and red horizontal bands beneath it." Though this observer had witnessed the sun rising from various altitudes up to twelve thousand feet, he had never seen anything so curious as the sunrise on Mount Washington. His suggestion is that the rosy solar halo has of late become so conspicuous because, while the sunrise and sunset glows have exhibited a marked decline in duration and brilliancy since 1883, the halo has undergone no similar diminution of intensity, and thus attracts more attention relatively than it did at first. This explanation of the recent glows appears to be satisfactory as far | she said: as it goes; but astronomers will have to explain why, if the phenomenon is due to terrestrial dust floating in the upper atmosphere, it has been so rarely re-corded in the history of their science.— N. Y. Herald.

## III-Bred Smokers.

There is no one thing, perhaps, in which the difference between the wellbred man and the ill-bred man more appears than in the manner in which. the place where, and the time when they smoke. The well-bred man does not smoke, nor does he seem to smoke to show off; whereas the ill-bred man very often smokes in a self-consciou manner that seems to say: "Look at me! see how skillfully my lips hold this cigar; how I can shift it from one side to the other without touching it with my fingers, and how I can articulate with it in my mouth; in short, look you what perfect control I have over my Their breathing became difficult, and labial muscles, and, having seen, adthey had a sense of suffocation. Their mire!" In short, there are many low-fingers and palms were shriveled and bred young men-very many—that appear to smoke only to display their first time great men transferred in the was vomited up as fast as it was swal. on the centrary, the gentleman, the man that smokes only for the love of it, puts but as much of his cigar in his mouth as is necessary in order to draw it, keeps it in his mouth no longer than if there ever lived a little girl who of fire. is necessary, and never fails to remove it when he talks or passes any one to whom he would be respectful, especially a lady. Further, our best bred men never smoke in any street at an hour when it is much frequented.—Boston

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

GIVING ACCOUNT TO SANTA

Dearest Santa Claus: We got them, Harry's gun and Charlle's ship, All our books, and dolls, and candy, Eddle's rocking horse and whip. But paps says, Santa, darling, That he thinks you'd like to know What became of all the presents That you brought a year ago.

Let me think; there were two dollies;
Cousin Ada got one, too,
And within a drawer she put it,
Where she keeps it, nice and new;
But we couldn't treat our babies
In that cruel, heartless way.
Why, suppose mamma had done so—Santa, what would people say?

Ada thinks we're so ungrateful,
But we tried our best to be
Little careful, loving mothers,
But—well, Santa Claus, you see,
Babies do make lots of trouble,
And one very stormy day,
Nellie took hers to the fire.
Where it melted 'most away. I kept mine a good while longer, But her clothes got solled and torn, And her hair got all unkrinkled, Oh! she did look so forlorn!

Then mamma rocked over on her,
Right upon her precious head,
So I cut off one sweet ringlet,
And pretended she was dead. Baby's kept her rubber rattle,
And, O Santa, 'tis the truth!
There's a cunning hole; she bit it
With her very first wee tooth;
I'm afraid we've lost the puzzles,
And I broke my coral ring—
"Time and change," mamma says, Santa,
"Will affect 'most everything."

Then that splendid book of pictures—
How we little ones did shout;
But we read, and read, and read it,
Till 'twas every bit worn out;
Well, we didn't 'spect to keep it
'Zactly new a whole long year,
But we know 'most all the stories;
Santa, darling, do you care?

SANTA'S REPLY. Darling little girls: Your letter
Pleased me more than I can tell,
And I learn with satisfaction
That you use my gifts so well.
Santa thinks that dollies played with,
Stories read and read again,
Will leave just the right impression
Upon busy heart and brain.

Mother tells me, precious girlies, That you're growing every day Kind and patient, sweet and careful, In a half unconscious way: Never mind the treasures broken, It was but their outward parts, If the choicest gifts of Christmas
You have treasured in your hearts.
Do not hoard such gifts, my darlings,
Use them, like your toys and books;
I shall know how much you prize them From your actions, words and looks.

-Kate Lawrence, in Youth's Companion

A LITTLE GIRL "SANTA CLAUS." The Days' Christmas Tree, and Planned and Made It-

At the very tip-top of a very long hill foot of the hill stands a little house painted black.

three. Every Monday morning the three little Days tug a big basket up the long so hungry. They wandered about, and hill to the white house, after the weekly climbed up the bundles of straw I had

"wash;" and every Thursday afternoon set for them. In a little while many of as sweet and clean as sweet and clean can be. For Nora and Nannie and Bess have no papa, and their mamma has to work early and late to earn clothes for their growing bodies, and bread enough to fill their hungry little mouths. Sometimes there isn't enough. Now I have come to the story. It was the week before Christmas,

and little May Deane, in the pretty siting-room of the house on the hill, was chatting to her mamma and Dicky, the canary, about Santa Claus, and what she was sure he would bring her, when there came a knock at the door.

It was Thursday afternoon, and Nora and Nannie and Bess had brought home the clothes. Mrs. Deane asked them in to wait for he basket; and when they were in Dicky sang for them, and May kept up

her chatter, tipping her head sideways, and looking like a canary herself, with yellow curls and bright eyes. "What do you suppose Santa Clauswill bring you?" asked she.

The little Days stared very hard at each other and at May. Nora answered;

she is the oldest: "We don't know who he is." It was May's turn to stare. In all ner life she had never before found anybody who didn't know Santa Claus.

"Then who gives you things Christmas?" asked she. "We don't have any," answered Nora, "'thout's sometimes we get our winter shoes then.'

"Why, don't you hang up your stockings?' "No." said Nora. "Nor have any Christmas tree ever?"

May asked. "No," said Nora again; and then Mrs. Dean came back with the basket. and the three little Days made three little courtesies and went away. May stood at the window and watched

face was very sober. "Mamma," she asked, "why don't Santa Claus ever go to their house?"

too small."

"Perhaps," mamma answered, "if he had gifts enough in his pack."

clapped her hands and whirled about like a live top, spinning right up to her

mother's side at last. "O, mamma, mamma!" she cried, 'let me be their Santa Claus and make em a tree, like the one Aunt Bella made for me last year; and I looked in Santa Claus, the really-truly Santa Claus, mamma, doesn't come here. Can't I,

pe.
What fun it was! May went about With explosions lit up the night, and as the house with dancing eyes. You see the burning oil spread over the water she had a secret, and I'd like to know the breathless spectators beheld a river didn't enjoy a secret—such a beautiful secret, too! It was just the best sport to peep into parcels which papa brought home from the village. Then there was the corn to pop and string, and the apples to get ready; and of course this work would take a great deal of time if

you wanted it to (so to bring Christmas quicker), and string a good deal efform and tied a good many apples, just as May did.

So Christmas came, or the day before Christmas, which is almost as much

fun; and May's paps went to the wond lot and brought home a tree, a trim iflot and brought home a tree, a trim attended in the fir, with dark green, glossy boughs. He planted it straight and firm in a tiny tub, filled with sand, which May stuck full of twigs and bits of evergreen.

"So nice for Nannie to wash her doll's clothes in," said she. "It's just hig

enough." She meant the tub. Then she hung the apples and candy horns on the branches; and the strings of pop-corn, like little snow wreaths, and the gifts.

There was a warm shawl for Mrs. Day, a dress for each of the three little girls, a doll with red hair for Nannie, a tea set for Bess and a pretty work-box for Nora.

That night, when the stars began to come out, May's papa took her on the big hand-sled, with the tree, and away they flew down the long hill to the little black house. Papa set the tree on the step. Then he knocked gently. and whisked May away from the door. What do you suppose Nora and Nannie and Bess said and did when they peeped out and saw the tree? "They just hollered and hollered, and

hopped up and down!" cried May to

mamma, when papa had drawn her home again. "And then they all took it in and shut the door; O, mamma, I'm so glad I did!" And, after all, Santa Claus paid the big white house a visit; of course he did. For it wasn't really he who made

was only little May Deane. - Ada Carle-HOW SILK IS MADE.

the Days' Christmas tree, you know-it

The Beautiful Product of Nothing but a Worm.

Do you ever think, children, when your pretty sashes and ribbons are tied on, and you look at them admiringly; that the glossy, beautiful silk is made by a worm? Some of you may have seen silk-worms, but many do not know what an interesting story their little life

Last winter there was sent me a tiny package of what looked like gray seeds, or beads. I had to keep them very cold until the mulberry leaves were well grown. Then I put the seeds in a warm place. In a day or two there were myriads of tiny little creatures crawling out stands a big white house; and at the from the seeds or eggs. At once they began to eat the leaves of the mulberry. which the winds and rain and sun have Day after day they ate, and grew, until they were as large as my little finger, and longer. They ate so much that we Mrs. Deane, who lives in the big white were all kept busy feeding them. They house, has one little girl, and Mrs. Day, would seize a leaf, and leave nothing who lives in the little black house, has but the veins in a few moments. If you ever saw a skeleton bouquet you can imagine how they left the leaves.

hey tug it up again, filled with clothes them began to spin the most beautiful silken threads, very much as a spider does. Back and forth, over and over, in loops like a figure 8, went their queer "hooded" heads. By and by each one could be seen inside a beautiful silken veil, or shell, about the size of a large peanut. The worm continued to spin until the veil was too thick for us to see through; but we could hear his "click, click, click," as he worked. The worms have to be killed in the case. If they are allowed to live they will break the

delicate threads. We did not kill them all, however. I wish you could have seen the room when we gathered the cocoons, which is the proper name for the peanut-shaped home of the silk-worm. All along the ceiling, behind the windowcurtain, on papa's desk, in baby's rub-ber—which she forget to put away be-and the pictures—on the cord, under the broom, on the floor, around the door-knobs - cocoons, cocoons, everywhere; countless numbers were also hung, like pretty birds' eggs, in the straws. From these, after a few days, came beautiful white moths, not at all

like the ugly worms. From the cocoons in which we killed the worms we reeled the delicate threads from which all our silk is made. Is it not indeed a curious story?-Our Little Ones.

### THE OIL REGIONS. Fire and Water Militating Against Their

Prosperity.

Fire has been fully as destructive an enemy as water. All through the oilregions the utmost care is required in dealing with this element. A lighted eigar ignites the gas flaring up from a well. Instantly a mass of flame shoots to the top of the derrick a hundred feet above, widens out on the ground as far them go down the snowy road. Her as the oil and gas extended, and deface was very sober. ever. Thousands of dollars in proper-ty, perhaps two or three lives have been "Perhaps the chimney's too small for him," answered mamma, with a smile.

"It isn't a chimney at all; it's a stove-pipe," said May. "May be it is too small."

"May be it is flowing well on the Blood farm, border-She looked out of the window for a ing on Oil Creek, caught fire, and allong time, without speaking. At last most before the frightened operators she said:
"Don't you s'pose he'd go there this year if I wrote him a letter and asked ing been grand and terrible in the extreme. Intense heat and clouds of black smoke mark the combustion of petroleum. Most of the wells were then con-"If he hadn't, mamma, he needn't mamma smiled. "Then I think he might," she said. 'But the stowe-pipe—how could he manage that?"

May thought a moment. Then she clapped her hands and whirled about like a live top, spinning right up to her heat. A pall black as night soon settled on the district, illuminated by frequent flashes and explosions like parks. quent flashes and explosions like parks of artillery. In the center ran the creek, a river of fire. To subdue the petrole-um-flame is an utter impossibility; water only adds to its intensity. The only way is to confine it and let it barn itself ent. This plan was pursued with the Oil Creek fire, whick gradually died away from want of fuel but not until the parlor and caught her tying on the oranges! O, mamma, can't I, please?—
with strings of popcorn and candy-horns and apples? And then I won't care if scores of wells and a million of dollars' worth of property had been destroyed. Another disastrous fire occurred in 1863, Another disastrous fire occurred in 1868, when a boatman with a lantern went into the compartment of a bulk-beat to see if it was leaking. The gas exploded, and in a breath forty boats loaded with can!" cried May. And so he did, pinching her round cheeks red, and teasing her a good deal about getting sooty going down Mrs. Day's stove-